

What do you do when you are so consumed by the urge to write but have nothing to write about? My mental backlog of notes is empty, no matter how much I try to rattle my head and get those thoughts going. Writing is a struggle, the most profound of them: the need to articulate, your subsequent failure, these personal trials must endure unto the next generations. For no one, not a single other being sentient or otherwise, can help you with conveying meaning. That is your job.

I want to study Linguistics and Computer Science in college. But I think, even though there is very little room for thought in my intended course of study, I would like to minor in English on the side as well. Or maybe some other language. Japanese? Too interesting. French? Not interesting enough. Perhaps I could even dabble in the Classics, Homer, Aristotle, the Iliad, Hesiod, you name it. At the same time, what if I could become a clergyman, what if I could develop an earth-shattering and all-consuming love for physics? Would I be a good little physicist, studying the language of mathematics and the natural world, head always buried in a book, never bothering to look up at the phenomena that lie within reach in our sky? All of those things are distinct possibilities, but not distinct enough. And so I do not reach. In the words of Annie Dillard: "You open your safe and find ashes." Schrodinger allows me to leave my narrow confines and open my own cage. I see my remnants spread out before me – and scream. Now he knows better. He knows not to trifle with things that are inherently contradictory, that unfold into paradox. And that is how I stop being exceptional.

Why has God given me this incredible gift, the ability to write? Before you ask, I am not suggesting that I belong to a select group of people who are more linguistically competent than others. That would be incredibly conceited, not to mention ignorant. Writing is a learned skill as much as walking or talking or doing maths. But if God exists, and if he were even the slightest bit considerate, why would he not have made me the next Curie? Why, in a world where literature is dying, make me a relic of the past as well?